#### READABLE SHORT STORIES

Tales and Incidents Gathered Here and There by Journal Reporters.

"Jake" Noel's Last Day in Prison and Why He Went There-Played by a Young Widow-Had Hold of the Wrong Blanket.



ONASTIC quietness was about the northern prisevening, when Jacob of the grim gateway more he had been in a happy mood, his friends having received an intimation that the Governor was to pardon

"Jake." Fourteen years had passed since been a free man on outside, and all those fourteen he had never grumbled at his lot, nor mentioned the grievauce he had against the man Paulus, whom he had killed one Sunday morning these long years ago. The sun was hardly well up to the meridian when Jake, in a moment of passion, took the life of a man whom he thought had crept like a viper into the Noel home. The world was bright to Jake that Sunday morning before the serpent came upon the scene, the day of life was all before him. His little children played about the porch and laughed and frolicked to make the heart of the father glad; and Jake loved his wife almost to madness. Then suddenly came the black cloud-it were better to omit the telling of this. The father went to prison for life for slaying this man Paulus. Not a word did Jake tell his lawyers about his wife or her conduct, for his lips were sealed as tight as an oracle spring in these enlightened days. Nor was he a sullen convict; he went resignedly about his prison duties, and by his cheerful ways attracted the attention of the of-ficials, who, year by year, gave him increased liberties. Never in the slightest way did he betray the confidence placed in him. After ten years he was allowed to go down into Michigan City on errands for the prison managers, and he wore a garb a shade darker than the other convicts. The warden found him a very naeful man about the house, and Jake looked after the warden's infant baby as tenderly as a mother. The child would go to Jake whenever he called, and Jake seldom went to town that he did not bring the baby some trinket. The warden took an interest in Jake's case when one day a paper printed a story about Jake's wife dying at Pullman, near Chicago. She had been living with a man who claimed to be her husband, but as she had never secured a divorce from her husband in the prison the property was not given to him. Jake had turned over all his property to her when he turned away from the world and it caused him core grief when he heard how faitbless she had been. After much persuasion Jake consented to tell why he had killed Paulus fourteen years ago, and immediately thereupon friends undertook to get a pardon for him from Governor Matthews. A week ago yesterday the pardon was granted, but Jake did not know this when a representative of the Journal called at the prison on Sunday evening.

There he was sitting with the baby and the sun going down back of the prison walls. It was in the morning when he fired the shot that brought him to the penitentiary. A long day had passed and there were a few streaks of gray in Jake's hair. Tears came into his eyes when he was told of the pardon, and he smiled through them. Then he hugged the buby closer, and when her papa asked her where she and Jake were going she babbled, "We's goin' to

And, after the sun went down, Jake stepped inside the clanking gate to spend his last night a prisoner, for the pardon came on the morrow.

There is an elderly gentleman in this city of decidedly commanding appearance who has lived here off and on for twenty years or more. He has been somewhat engaged professionally, and therefore has not had very much time to make many friendly visits. The summer season having been somewhat dull, he concluded, a few days ago, that he would go out and sail. One of the places he went was to the house of a lady who has a widowed daughter living with her. When the gentleman's name was brought upstairs the mother asked the daughter to go down and entertain him. The daughter is much the style of the mother, and to make the resemblance more complete her hair is quite gray like her mother's. When she entered the room the old gentlemen arose and addressed her and called her by her mother's name. She did not tell him of the mistake. and, really, she felt very much flattered that she had been taken for her mother. The caller asked after the family and resailed to mind that the last time be was there to call there was a widowed daughter who had just returned from an extended trip through the West. He inquired after her, and wanted to know where she was at the present time. The daughter informed him that she was living with them. He then proceeded to say several complimentary things of the lady in question, and said he remembered her with a great deal of pleasure. She thought his memory was not in the perfect condition that he thought it was or he would know that she was not her mother, but said nothing. When leaving he desired to be remembered to the family, and particularly to the widowed daughter. The young widow carried out the part to perfection. and he never discovered that he was not talking to the mother.

A pretty young lady of this city went to a northern city to make a visit to relatives a few weeks ago, and while she was there they decided to make up a party and go to the world's fair. They went by boat and had a very rough trip. The young lady was introduced to a very agreeable young man on the boat soon after they started, throughout the trip he was devoted to her. Neither was enough to prevent enjoyment of on deck till a late hour and talked. The young lady became very chilly as the night advanced, and said that she wished she had a warmer wrap. She was so thoroughly chilled that she finally said. "Please do get me something to put around me; if you can, get me a blanket, beg, bor-row or buy me one or I will freeze." The young man started off and went to one of the state-room windows to see if he could get a blanket. After going to several, he finally saw one and reached in to get it. He pulled, and pulled, and was just about to draw it through the window, when a big, bushy head was raised from the other end, and a voice cried out and asked him what on earth he meant by "stealing a tellow's bed cover." After a more extended search he found one, but was very careful that it was not occupied.

During the session of the Karnea of the the Delta Tan Delta at the Denison last week a part of their troubles cropped out and found its way into print. There was, however, one bit of trouble which caused the president of the fraternity no little annoyance for a time that was never told. He brought his dress suit with him and left it at Landgraf's tailoring establishment to be pressed ready for wearing at the banquet Thursday night. He was unable to get away from the session of the Karnes and get the suit before 6 o'clock, when the tailoring establishment store only to find the doors barred and bolted, with the dress suit inside. He must have a dress suit for the banquet and There was not long in which to get it.

There was not sufficient time to send to the residence of the tailor, yet there seemed to be no other way out of the dilemma. A few minutes were spent in trying to devise

some means by which to obtain possession of the suit, and as the young man saw time flying rapidly he became desperate. He must have the suit at all hazards and

he got it. He confided in a couple of his brothers and informed them of the bold measures be intended to adopt. They repaired to the rear door of the tailoring establishment which opens into the Denison and forced an entrance. After a few minutes' search they found the dress suit and retired. The damage to the door was paid for by the young man and the house treated at his expense and Landgraf, appreciating the situation, smiled and enjoyed the joke with the burglar.

A half dozen clerks at a local dry-goods store nearly giggled their heads off yesteron walls, last Sunday | day over the unfortunate selection of a matronly woman, who made a dreadful effort Noel, a lifer, was sitting | to call the elevator by its right name. The on a bench just outside | good woman belongs right here in the city. and from a comfortably-filled purse spent petting the little baby | half the morning making purchases. Bedaughter of Warden fore she completed her morning's occupa-French. For a week or | tion the agreeable young woman who offiated at the head of a department hera special line of goods it would be necessary to go up to the top floor. The customer evidently had associated the "lift" with something horrible and a thing to be dreaded, for she shivered as she in-

"What time does the 'alligator' go up?" Half the clerks in the store caught enough of the blunder to smirk and smile for several minutes, while the girl to whom the rare remark was addressed was compelled to excuse herself rather than distort her

Rumors of the money market have not only touched all classes but all ages. A few mornings ago, on an East-side street, there were two small boys driving along and calling "blackberries" to the tops of their voices. A housewife heard their cry and went out to see what kind of fruit they had. She was quite satisfied with the quality and price, and bought a drawer, and asked the boy to bring them around to the rear of the house. When he arrived and she was emptying them he remarked: "Yo had better buy lots, Missus, for M's goin; to be a mighty hard winter."

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Sammer, This Summer is my own, And all her gifts are mine. What other soul hath known

No other eye hath seen And loved her beauties so; For me the leaves are green,

For me the breezes blow. For me sweet Summer sows The daisies in the grass, And in the stream she throws Her lilies as I pass.

I am her friend, and hear Each little word she says; We two tell secrets dear On these long summer days.

If in her sylvan home I go to seek my friend, She knows which way I come, And messengers doth send.

Gay butterflies on wing Come curtseying down the path; What envoy to a King Such royal welcome hath? They lead me where she lies

Beside the bubbling stream, That catches from her eyes Its laughter and its gleam. We two in woods astray Find pathways dim and sweet;

We scare wood sprites away, And hear their hurrying feet. Sometimes, on hillsides brown, We lie at rest all day,

And watch the mists, wind-blown,

Go wandering away, While gossamers afloat Upon the balmy air Wind pearls about her throat, And net her golden hair.

Say not she soon must go, My Summer so divine! And Winter bring his woe Unto this heart of mine.

Sweet Summer smiles on me, Her warm breath stirs my hair. "I'll creep within," says she, "And find a shelter there.

"When Winter's gloom and storm Bid happy days depart, Thou wilt be safe and warm With Summer in thy heart."

-Juliet V. Strauss. ROCKVILLE, Ind.

Front's Heralds, Now evening unfolds more of day Unto itself and longer grows.

Now Summer parts from harvest fields And back her sun-burnt mantle throws For Autumn's wear. Some early leaves To earth, like birds, wend silent flight; While katydias with cog-wheel songs Grind off the hush of star-set night.

INDIANAPOLIS.

The Old Gum Spring. From its green and mossy lip Pearls of limpid coolness drip, Echoing the feet of Time With a silver-tinking rhyme, Day and night unwearying. O'er it leans a berry spray, Round it partridge blossoms play; Naught its shadowed beauty mars; Mirrored blossoms, birds and stars Peep up from the old gum spring.

As the calm hours glide to noon, From the roadside floats the tune That some dusky muleteer trolls. While his groaning wagon rolls Through the spring-branch glistening. Or anon a childish face Comes to gaze with dimpled grace— Then the russet drinking-gourd Plunges in the crystal hoard, Sparkling in the old gum spring.

Oft at night, as o'er the pine Drowsily the moonbeams shine. Fragrant bay flowers white arrayed, Spotless vestals of the glade, All night long their censers awing. And perchance the mock-bird wakes, Poet of the laurel brakes, And with love-enraptured heart Thrills the night with minstrel act, Swinging o'er the old gum spring.

-Samuel Minturn Peck. Early Friends. Scattered to the East and West and North, Some with the faint heart, some the stout, Each to the battle of life went forth, And all alone we must fight it out.

We had been gathered from cot and grange, From the moorland farm and the terraced Brought together by chances strange, And knit together by friendship sweet.

Not in the sunshine, not in the rain, Not in the night of the stars untold Shall we ever all meet again. Or be as we were in the days of old.

But as ships cross and more cheerily go, Having changed tidings upon the sea, So I am richer by them, I know, And they are not poorer, I trust, by me. -Walter C. Emith

The Riddle. [From the French of Louise Bertin.] If death be all, why on our hopeless travel. Laughs the young green of beauty's April tree! And when the frost the woven leaves unravel, What need for us to sadden as we see!

Or why, if life be all, shards in the grasses, And ever in the wayside rose a spite! Why must we pay, yea, soul by soul that passes, Blood for man's zeal, and tears for man's de-

-Louise Imogen Guiney, in the Independent Love in Exile. I am athirst, but not for wine;

The drink I long for is divine, Poured only from your eyes in mine. I hunger, but the bread I want, Of which my blood and brain are scant, Is your sweet speech, for which I pant.

I am acold and lagging lame, Life creeps along my languid frame, Your love will fan it into flame.

## A GREAT

# WERPINGSAIR

## HE NEW YORK STORE

—— OF

COMMENCING AT 7:45 MONDAY MORNING.

We have been looking around, and come to the conclusion there are altogether too many carried over Dress Goods from last fall season. New Fall goods are knocking at the door, and we don't want them to mix with what we have. It is our desire to clean up every yard if possible. It can be done only one way, and that is to put the price down to a ridiculous figure. It goes against the grain, but we have done it, and Monday will be such a day in consequence that every prospecting buyer will be here, and a silver dollar will on that day buy far more than a hundred cents' worth of merchandise-other goods for that day also.

### DRESS GOODS

The center of gravitation will be at the Dress Goods counter, about midway, and your eye will take in the situation at a glance. Read and come prepared.

Several piles of all-wool Tricot Dress Goods, green and brown mixed, 50c quality, for 29c a yard. All-wool Striped Scotch Effects, 38 inches wide, for 35c a yard, always sold at 50c.

Handsome Cheviot Suiting, "Stevens's Goods," in striped effects, elegant quality, also go in for 35c a yard. A lot of fine Mingled Suitings, different colored grounds, always sell at 65c, for 39c a yard.

Navy all-wool Storm Serges, 50c quality, for 39c a yard.

Now comes a lot of Imported Novelties, fine choice goods, very stylish, but we don't like to show goods the second season—that's why we've grouped a whole lot together and made just one price—you can take your choice. These goods sold from \$2.25 to \$3.75 the yard—not one piece for less than \$2.25. Monday, just \$1 a yard.

A lot of fine French Novelty Pattern Dresses, sold at \$15, \$17.50 and \$20 each. Monday your pick for \$4.98. Another lot French Novelty Pattern Dresses, choicer styles, for \$6.98 each. Those exclusive designs, such as you have seen and admired, at \$25, \$30 and \$35 a pattern, will go at \$9.98 each.

High Novelty Dress Patterns, the very choicest, which sold from \$27.50 to \$35, for \$12.50 each.

All our 46-inch plain all-wool fine finished French Serges, in 50 shades, for 69c a yard Monday.

About 20 Black Priestly Dress Goods Pattern Lengths, Monday, for \$4.83—about half the regular price. 10 pieces Black French Serge, 46 inches wide, for 69c.

15 pieces Black all-wool French Henrietta, for 49c a yard, Monday. Soft finish Black Storm Serge for 49c a yard.

#### BLACK AND COLORED SILKS

A few pieces Printed India Silks, sold at \$1 a yard, best patterns are gone. Your choice Monday for 59c a yard. A lot of rich Black Silks, in Gros Grain, Rhadame, Merveilleaux, Bengaline and various others, we shall sell for 69c a yard; worth from 85c to \$1.

A special line of Black Silks for Monday at 95c a yard. Just 50 pieces Turkey Red Prints, fast color, 7c quality, for 4½c a yard—only 12 yards to each customer.

A lot of Zephyr Dress Ginghams, 12½c quality, fast colors, for 6c a yard, Monday.

#### Housekeepers, Read:

Full-sized sheets, all made, for 59c each. Good Pillow Cases for 11c apiece. Large Comforts for 69c each. Good Blankets for 69c each. Full-sized White Spread for 71c; can't be equaled less than 85c.

## DRAPERY

We have got caught with too many Chenille Curtains and Spreads, hence this deep cut for Monday. 50 Chenille Table Spreads, fine patterns, tied and loop fringe, 6-4 size, for \$1.29—remember, only one to each customer. Another lot of Chenille Spreads, 6-4 size, tied fringe, heavy quality, but too many of one pattern-Monday, 71c each, as good a quality as any \$1.50 spread.

20 pairs Chenille Curtains, handsome dado top and bottom, sold for \$3.50. Monday's price, \$2.57 a pair—all good colors. 20 pairs Heavy Chenille Curtains, fine dado, for \$3.29 a pair; reduced from \$4.50.

We are ready for a busy day in Carpets Monday—and with such a stock as we have to pull from the carpet seeker feels satisfied to anchor here.

Good Union Carpets for 27c a yard, never sold less than 35c. 10 patterns full extra Super Union Carpet, Monday, 37c, reduced from 50c.

Every piece of Straw Matting is being overhauled at this writing. Every piece with a lower tag on it than you positively ever saw.

The whole Carpet Stock will be at your service Monday, and, if the best qualities and patterns at least prices count for anything, it will be a busy day.

### RNICH ELOOR.

Whatever your Furniture need you can come with confidence-not only that the things are here, but that the prices will be a pleasant surprise to you.

SPECIALS FOR MONDAY:

3-piece Solid Oak Bedroom Suite-size 24x30-highly finished, beveled glass, price \$17.50. Antique Oak, 3-piece Cheval Bedroom Suite, fine finish, bevel glass, 18x40, price \$17.50. Very highly finished solid Oak Cheval Bedroom Suite, handsomely carved headboard and bureau, price \$19.50. Cots, Mattresses, Bedding and Springs of all kinds, at lowest prices.

#### WAISTS AND WAISTING PRICES\_SECOND FLOOR.

All told about 25 dozen White and Colored Waists-expect to sell every one Monday-White, and White with Colored Embroidery, Waists at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, altogether for 98c each.

Every Waist below \$1.25 for 59c a piece—all styles. \$12 and \$18 Gingham Dresses, on Monday, for \$5.

All our Silk Waists from \$5 to \$7.50, on Monday, \$2.89 each.



"JOURNAL! All about giving away Flags, free to schoolboys, at the NEW YORK STORE!"

## Schoolboys, Attention!

We are anxious that you should show your patriotism during the coming G. A. R. Encampment—you know the story of their brave deeds—you owe them honor. Come to our store between 7:30 and 9 o'clock, commencing Monday, and every day this week at the same time, and you will receive a fine mounted United States flag free of charge. Inquire for them at the Boys' Clothing Department, Second Floor. Let every schoolboy in Indianapolis come.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO